

POKAGON STATE PARK  
and  
STEUBEN COUNTY

Department of Conservation  
State of Indiana  
1927

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STATE PARK  
*and*  
STEUBEN COUNTY

A DESCRIPTION OF INDIANA'S  
MOST PICTURESQUE  
LAKE REGION

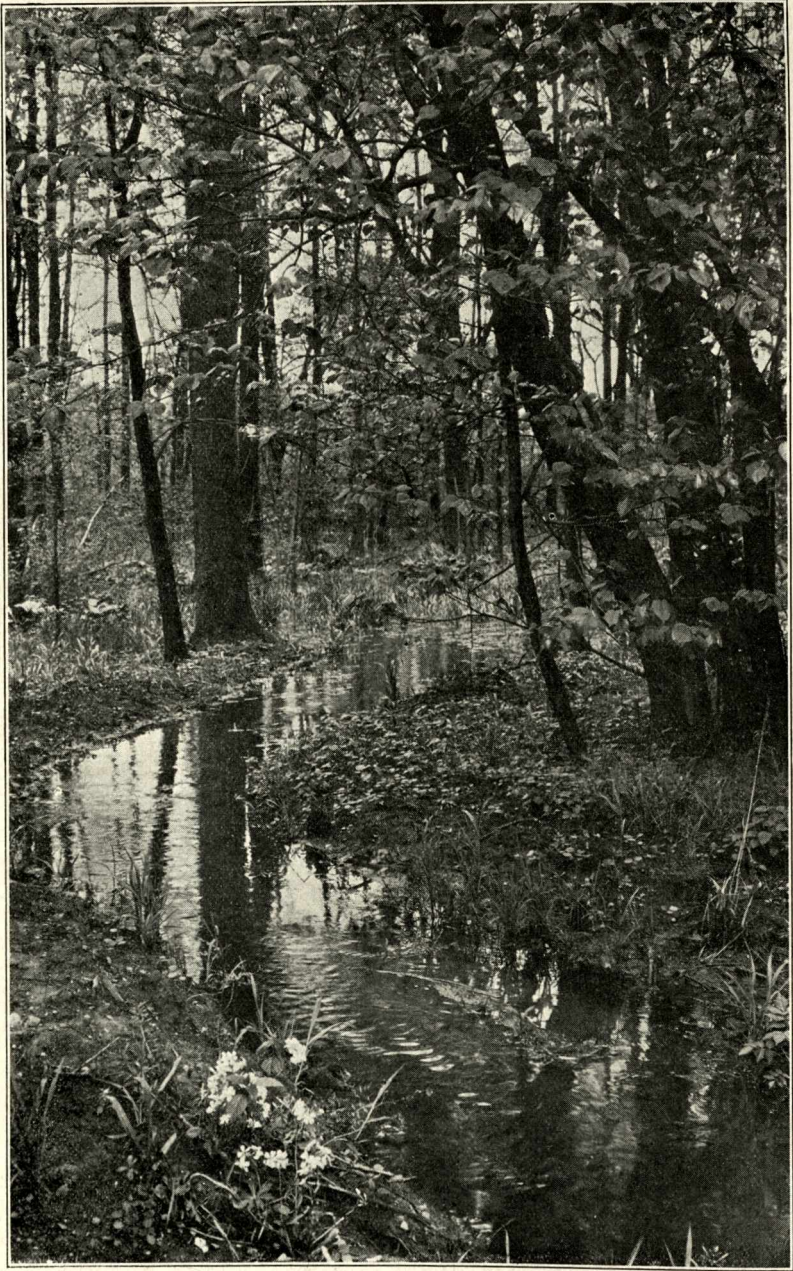


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*The*  
DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION  
DIVISION OF LANDS *and* WATERS  
STATE OF INDIANA

1927





A SWAMP BROOK IN THE PARK

# THE DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION

STATE OF INDIANA



STANLEY COULTER, *Chairman*

EVERETT L. GARDNER

D. A. ROTHROCK

MARTIN R. GOSHORN



RICHARD LIEBER  
DIRECTOR

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1927



# Pokagon State Park *and* Steuben County

A Description of Indiana's Most Picturesque  
Lake Region



By *GEORGE S. COTTMAN*

Photographs by Hohenberger



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THE DEPARTMENT OF CONSERVATION  
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# Pokagon State Park

and

## Steuben County

By GEORGE S. COTTMAN

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### Steuben County

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Steuben County, as regards its scenic assets, has been long coming into its own. It extends over the most picturesque portion of the Indiana lake region, but from its position at the extreme northeast corner of the state it has always lain aloof from the established lines of travel and was proportionately difficult of access. It was still a land of the Indians after the white race had invaded most of the state, for it was not till the latter thirties that the aborigines were removed. The white occupancy of the region, however, dates from 1831, when the first settlers located on Jackson prairie, on the west side of the present county. Then and for some years after the region was so inaccessible that immigrants from the East, traveling by thoroughfares that ran farther to the south, went to points farther west, then back-tracked eastward to their destination. It may readily be seen that an area of less than 400 square miles, sprinkled over with approximately a hundred lakes and ponds and numerous marshes did not lend itself to the conveniences required by a white population. Ingress and egress were too difficult. Roads, among the first requisites of civilization, had to reckon with long, sprawling arms of water and impassable bogs, and while this did not frustrate the sturdy pioneers whose life training it was to overcome natural handicaps, yet it





LOOKING SOUTH OVER PARK FROM HELL'S POINT

served to localize, so to speak, this county by diverting from it the main-traveled, inter-state thoroughfares, leaving the region of difficult traveling isolated and aloof.

Soon or late, however, Steuben County must have its day. There were reasons, as a visiting stranger now and then had the sagacity to see. The late O. F. Rakestraw, of Angola, was credited with the story that some fifty years ago that prince of publicity men, P. T. Barnum, came through the county with his circus and menagerie wagons. Barnum had seen a great deal of the world's surface, and was, presumably, rather blasé toward scenery, but on reaching Lake James he considered he had made a discovery. "This," he said, "is the most beautiful body of water I have ever seen, and all that this country needs is advertising."

As far back as 1891 Charles R. Dryer, who made a survey of the physical features of the county, had this to say: "The time may come when the lakes of Steuben County will be the most valuable and profitable possession of her citizens, who will then seek and devise means for preserving instead of destroying them. Between the Great Lakes and the Ohio there is no more beautiful tract of country than this county. At present comparatively few of the citizens of Indiana are aware of its attractions, but it cannot long remain unknown and unvisited. Among its hills and lakes thousands of the coming generations will find their summer homes."\*

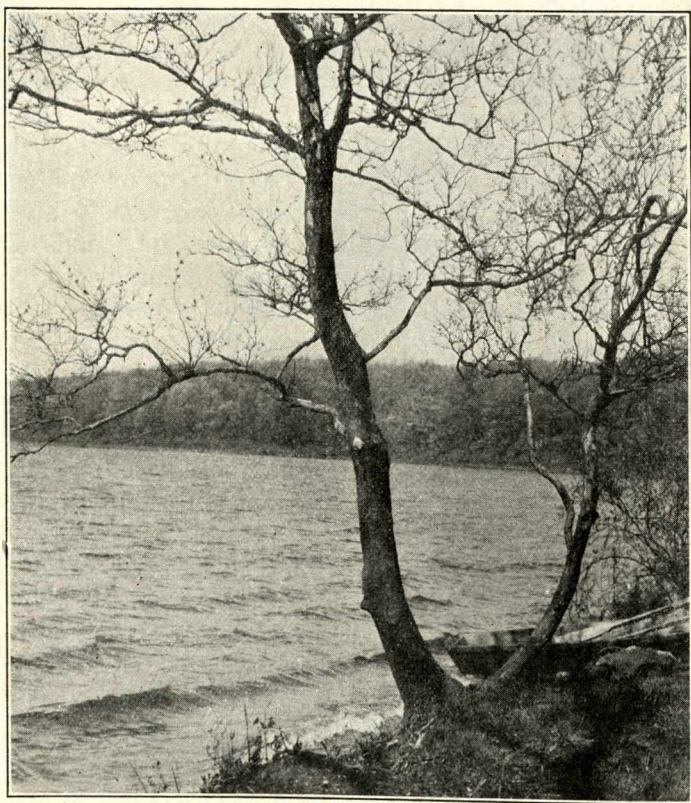
What Barnum and Dryer prophesied is coming to pass, the chief causes of the new order being, undoubtedly, the auto and improved roads. The stimulation of road systems by the phenomenal development of auto travel is now a part of our national history. The growth in this particular corner of our state is illustrated by the fact that while as late as 1915 there was reported to have been but one mile of road in Steuben County classified as "improved", there were on January 1, 1926, upward of 186.88 miles so classed. Two state roads, crossing each other at Angola, in the center of the county, afford good connections with the highway systems to the north, south, east and west. Locally a little more than 155 miles of good gravel roads give access to the four quarters of the county, and 404 miles of township earth roads enable one to reach and skirt virtually every lake in the county.

\* For Dryer's survey of Steuben County, the most exhaustive yet made, see 17th annual geological report of Indiana (1891).



What this means to the sojourner who chooses to take advantage of it will be considered in another place.

This development of accessibility by the improvement of roads and the increasing use of automobiles has had its effect in the influx of summer residents. Miles of lake front that a few years ago were unoccupied now are taken up by cottages, settlements of which may be found on a dozen different lakes. Some of these seasonal homes are handsome residences costing thousands of dollars each, and collectively they have added not a little to the taxables of the county.



PARK SHORE ON FIRST BASIN



## The State Park

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**Its Origin.**—With the obvious trend of things it could be only a matter of time when the more enterprising citizens of Steuben County must see that the beauty with which nature had dowered their little part of the world was an asset no longer to be neglected. Another movement doubtless whetted the perception. Since 1917 there had been a growing interest in a state park system that involved the acquisition and preservation for public good of beauty spots over the state. This system began to take form and purpose with the purchase of McCormick's Creek Canyon State Park in the year mentioned. Turkey Run State Park, Muscatatuck Park and Clifty Falls Park followed, and their appreciation by the people was proven by a continually increasing tide of visitors through the summer months. What spot in all Indiana could offer more to the visitor than Steuben County with her heritage of fair lakes? And why should not the state's park system be represented here? Taken up as the lake shores were, desirable sites with the required area for a park were not to be easily found, though by one of those chances that seem providential there was then on the market a tract of 580 acres lying along the east shore of Lake James. This large holding, accumulated through the years by a Mr. Failing, now deceased, was the joint possession of the Failing heirs. The adaptability of this tract for a state park was suggested by citizens of vision to the Steuben County Chamber of Commerce, which was then studying ways of bringing the beauties of Steuben County to the attention of the outside world. The directors of this organization concluded that it would be a fine thing to have a state park located in Steuben County, and after careful planning prepared to submit the project to the citizens of the county of purchasing such a tract of land and tender it to the state, having faith that the state would accept and develop the gift as a state park. On October 8, 1924, an open meeting of the organization was held and addressed, on invitation of the directors, by Richard Lieber, director of the Department of Conservation. Mr. Lieber told of the work the department was doing in the other state parks, and suggested that a park



POTAWATOMI INN



amid such beautiful surroundings as are found in Steuben County would be a very acceptable addition to the system. The Chamber of Commerce voted unanimously to put on a drive to raise funds to purchase a tract of land for this purpose. The Failing farm was selected as the most desirable, most central, and most accessible site, and an option on it was secured at \$35,000. During the course of the campaign for funds, which were liberally subscribed, it was suggested that a better way would be for the county to buy the tract and pay for it from county funds. The aid of the legislature, meeting in January, 1925, was invoked to secure such legislation as was then necessary to enable a county purchase of land for such purposes. The special act enacted by that legislature was made applicable to any county in the state by the 1927 session of the legislature.

As soon as the law became effective, the county commissioners negotiated for the tract and it was tendered by them in the name of the people of Steuben county to the State of Indiana as a Christmas gift during the holiday week of 1925.

On July 17, 1926, the property was formally transferred to the state with appropriate dedicatory exercises, the presentation being made by Maurice McClew, of Angola, in the name of the county commissioners, to Governor Ed Jackson, representing the state. From the governor Richard Lieber, director of the Department of Conservation, received the custody of the park in the name of that department.

To the Failing place the state has since added adjoining tracts, one of which holds in its heart a beautiful lakelet so small it might easily lie cupped in its wild environ undiscovered if one were not directed to it. This makes a total holding of 700 acres.

**Its Features.**—The park lies, as above said, along the east shore of Lake James. A better spot for the purpose desired could not have been selected had there been the whole lake region to choose from. It is in the very heart of Indiana's most picturesque hill region, where still survive remnants of the magnificent hardwood forest that originally was among the world's finest.\* The peculiarity of its situation is that it is partially surrounded by water, the curvings of the lake

\* This locality with its varied conditions is particularly rich in flora. Some years ago Elmer Bradner, of Angola, recorded "100 orders, 366 genera and 729 species," and these he published as but a "partial catalogue." See 17th state geological report.



bounding it on the south and north as well as on the west. On the south and west the shores rise cleanly from the beach in long lines of wooded slopes and bluffs, and over the hills back from the water front groves of trees are sprinkled.

To one who loves to wander afoot seeking pleasant discoveries and adventure that square mile of Pokagon Park with its surrounding territory will afford occupation for days. He may explore secluded nooks, climb to hilltop outlooks, or hunt up lakelets that lie in little valleys. Be he ornithologist, botanist, geologist, or just a receptive seeker of beauty he will find plenty to feed his interest. The invigoration that makes pleasurable this kind of recreation is here imparted by both latitude and altitude. The mean annual temperature is about 48 degrees against 53 for Indianapolis and 55 for the Ohio River region. In altitude Steuben County is one of the most elevated points in the state. The Potawatomi Inn is just 1000 feet above sea level; the highest point in Pokagon Park is 1,050 feet, and some other points outside the park are considerably in excess of that.

**Park Facilities.**—On the north shore of what is known as the lower or first basin of Lake James, where a deep indentation or bay eats into the high wooded shore, nature and man seem to have prepared an ideal site for a dwelling place. From the water with its clean beach four or five hundred feet of grassy lawn slopes with roll and lap up to an eminence that commands the surrounding scene. At the lower or lake end of the long, undulating stretch of green the encroaching belts of forest on either side close in until they form a sylvan gateway or portal, and beyond this as through a proscenium the eye looks out over the broadest part of the lake to the opposite shore a mile and a half away with its skyline of low forested hills rising back of the tiny cottages of Paltytown strung along the water's edge. A lovely picture it is, with the spacious verdant slope as a foreground, and the silvery sheen of waters glimpsed in spots here and there through the leafage of the woodland walls that circle in to make the gateway add a decorative effect.

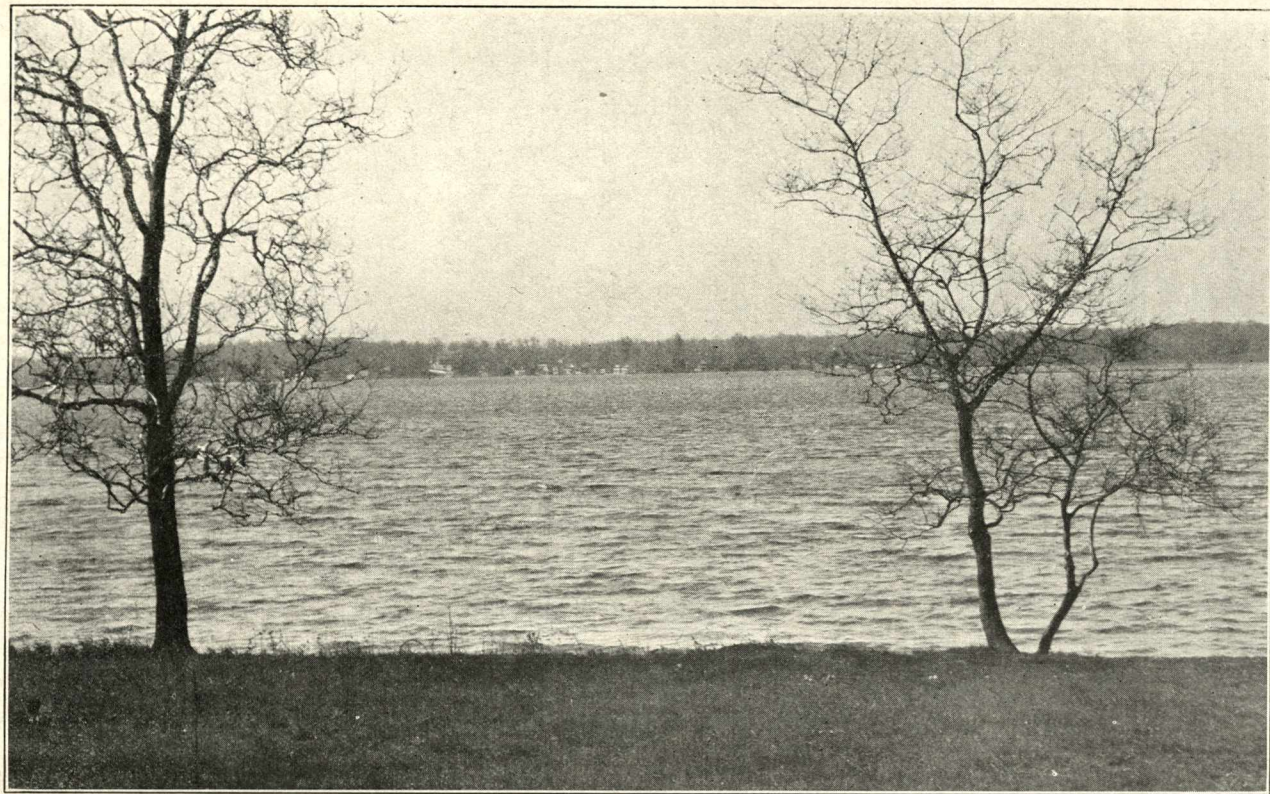
On this eminence or knoll, with the higher hills at its back, has been erected the Potawatomi Inn, a substantial structure of two stories, with forty-five rooms for guests, and all modern conveniences. One of its architectural features is a great

porch almost a hundred feet long, where there is ample room for all who wish to sit and enjoy the view as above described. Nature, as by a happy coincidence, has further favored this spot by secreting beneath the surface an inexhaustible supply of the purest artesian water, which invaluable asset was discovered when the state drilled and secured two gushing wells that together deliver continuously at the rate of 130 gallons per minute—an ample supply for all hotel and sewage purposes with an abundance to spare.

But the purpose of a state park is to serve a larger public than is represented by any hotel patronage. It aims to accommodate the flitting visitor and the camper as well, and to that end it must have not only ample parking space for autos but a well situated camping ground with good potable water, with sanitary regulations, and with protection against unruly and disagreeable conduct. These accommodations Pokagon Park is provided with. The camping ground with its various conveniences is in high shaded ground that slopes down to a fine sandy beach, while a good road connecting with Angola, some five miles away, makes easily possible the securing of supplies.

This park, like other similar state holdings, is supposed to be self-supporting after the first cost of development. As already explained, the ground itself (with the exception of 120 additional acres) was purchased and presented to the state by Steuben County. All charges to visitors are the lowest compatible with the cost of maintenance. Hotel rates are \$3.00 to \$3.50, American plan. Camping space costs 25 cents per day, and admission to the park is 10 cents for each person passing the gate.





VIEW FROM POTAWATOMI INN OVER LAKE JAMES TO PALMYTOWN



## Lake James

Lake James, which, is the third largest body of water in the state, is by many regarded as the most beautiful of all our lakes by reason of its irregular lobes and arms winding among the hills of its rugged environment. The only other region within our boundaries to compare with it in scenic charms is the Tippecanoe-Barbee country of Kosciusko County, but the topography surrounding that group lacks the picturesqueness of the morainic region of Steuben County.

The areas and volumes of water bodies change, of course, as the levels change with the degree of rainfall. The following estimates of Lake James are based on the level existing on July 24, 1923. By the survey at that time, the surface level above sea level was 969.3 feet. The area was 1,318 acres; the volume, 13,086,000,000 gallons; the depth, as determined by numerous soundings, ranged all the way from marginal shallows to a maximum of 86 feet. The length of the lake bed from the farthest point south to the farthest point north, including the part known as Snow Lake, is approximately four miles, but a sharp curving eastward of the lower basin and of Snow Lake increases that length. The mileage of the total coast line has probably never been estimated with anything like accuracy, but its numerous arms, bends and coves obviously make it far in excess of twice the lake's length. It is extremely variable in width, ranging anywhere from a quarter of a mile or less to a mile, its expansions and contractions separating it into four distinct basins joined by narrows that in the Snow Lake connection becomes a mere strait.\* The south basin, a mile by a mile and a quarter in dimensions, is large enough for a good sailing course. It is the eastward trend of this basin that gives Pokagon Park its south shore line and affords the exceptional site for Potawatomi Inn overlooking the lake's broadest expanse. It also enables the square mile of park land to have two and a third miles of shore line, and this would have been three and five-sixths miles but for the fact that when the purchase was made one and one-half miles of the beach had already been sold off to cottagers.

\* As Snow Lake is properly a part of Lake James and is so considered in the state's survey it is here regarded as one of the basins of the main lake.

The best sweeping view of the lake and its setting is to be had from Weldon's landing at the mouth of Jimerson Creek, about midway of the second basin, on the west side. As viewed from here the eastern shore, a half-mile away, rises in a long, bold, rolling bluff, heavily wooded, which stretches northward toward Snow Lake, and south and eastward to a point beyond Potawatomi Inn crowning its grassy knoll. Southeasternly the lower basins opens a wide vista that sweeps inland to a far-off skyline. Northward the second basin contracts into the "Narrows," the opposing capes on either hand accentuated by advancing groves of trees that stand like wings with a passageway between opening into the third basin with its high wooded shore far away. In all directions the vistas are painted with the greens and blues of varying distances, and here and there a bold headland or a little island adds charm to the picture.

If, leaving this point, you row forth in search of concealed waters, passing beyond the Narrows, through the third basin, and on into the fourth basin, or Snow Lake, new scenic features open up to the view. Here are the looming flats—the broad expanses of marsh lands and dense growths of rushes making a foreground for far-reaching landscapes of fields and groves, dotted with farm buildings. All is restful, peaceful, pleasing.

Not the least of the attractions of Lake James and its connections is the seclusion it offers in its out-of-the-way nooks. The body of it, may, at the height of the summer season, be a highway for sputtering motor boats, but the miles of meandering coast line form into many a quiet harbor where the lover of privacy may find refuge. Or, if he desires to gratify the exploring instinct, he may find narrow, winding waterways that lead to discoveries. From Snow Lake, by one of these channels, he may find Otter Lake, and other ponds and lakelets still beyond. Also, there is the inlet that leads to Lake George, the beginning of the Lake James chain, which lies on the Michigan boundary line. From the second basin, at Weldon's Landing, you may enter Jimerson Creek, which goes winding among fields and groves, here and there expanding into basins and lagoons, ending at last in a long mill pond that curves gracefully between the slopes of a gentle valley. After two or more miles of pleasant boating on these sheltered waters, nosing this way and that, one comes to the head of

navigation at the hamlet of Nevada Mills, a handful of houses that seem so remote from the hurly-burly of the world, so quiet and undisturbed that the lover of such spots will wish to linger here for a dreamy hour or two. The dam that makes the mill pond now feeds water to the turbine of an electric power plant (the one touch of modernity here) and the building, in part, is a relic of the days when, as a grist mill with old-fashioned water wheel, it gave the name, "Nevada Mills," to the place. The venerable structure with its massive framing timbers looks good for another century, but all that remains of its machinery of the old days are the great buhrstones lying on the ground at the foot of a tree. This tree alone ought to put Nevada Mills on the map. It is a willow that safely may be called the largest of its kind in the state. At the village of Leisure, on the Lakes and Hills highway, six miles north of Elwood, stands a tree of this species which has been credited with the banner for great size. The circumference of its bole is fifteen feet ten inches—more than three feet larger than the famous "Constitution elm". The Nevada Mills specimen has a circumference of sixteen feet six inches. Its crown, formed of seven radiating limbs running from two and a half to three feet in diameter, has a spread of some seventy feet, and from the right point of observation lies against the sky like a vast ball of green wrought of the willows's fine slender foliage. About 1863, so says the tradition of the natives, T. E. Lucas planted five willow slips, which thrived and adorned the margin of the pond near the mill. Two of them still stand, and one of them is as here described.

Apropos to the pleasures of boating, which of course, leads all others at a water resort, there are ample provisions in this line for all comers. At Weldon's Landing there is maintained what is affirmed to be the largest motor-boat livery in the world, and these boats, with or without motor, by the hour or the day, are available at the park piers. For lake trips there are also two launches that will carry, respectively, 25 and 35 passengers.





Wild Geranium  
(*Geranium  
maculatum*).



Trillium  
(*Trillium  
cernum*).



Bloodroot  
(*Sanguinaria  
canadensis*).

## Outlying Attractions

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**By Canoe.**—So much for Lake James and Pokagon Park. If the park visitor has in him the tang of life and the love of adventure; if he relishes exploring with canoe and paddle, does not mind the toil of an occasional portage, and enjoys with zest the tent and camp fire at the day's end, he may make some interesting voyages within the limits of the county. The numerous lakes that at first glance over the map seem to be scattered haphazard on closer inspection resolve themselves into several chains or systems. At Lake George, on the Michigan line, and Lake Walters, a little farther east, begin one series. Both send streams down to Lake James via Mud and Otter lakes. The waters of James find their way to Jimerson, and beyond Nevada Mills Jimerson, continuing as Crooked Creek, seeks the St. Joseph River and Lake Michigan.

From Palmytown, at the south end of James, a half mile or so over a neck of land brings us to Crooked Lake, the surface of which is more than twenty feet higher than that of James. It is nearly two miles long by a mile in width, and is of peculiar shape, being cut into two lobes by a long intervening point of land. The short strait that makes its outlet leads into a long, narrow lagoon, called by some Kidney Lake, which for two miles takes the boatman through beds of cat-tails and other aquatic growths that fairly choke the channel. Beyond its farthest end Concord Creek, after a mile of winding, issues into Gage Lake, which is, in the opinion of some, the gem of all the Steuben County lakes. It occupies nearly a square mile, and is of the "kettle-hole" type, its basin being round and regular with clean, sandy rim, surrounded by high sloping shores and a pleasing agricultural country. The water is clear, clean and deep, some soundings giving nearly seventy feet. Within the last twenty years many cottagers have taken possession of its shores. Further navigation to the northward leads to Tamarack Lake, now being gradually obliterated, and which affords a study of the curious tamarack swamp growths, almost as impenetrable as cane brakes. A little farther on this chain finds its outlet into Crooked Creek, which also drains the Lake James system.

In the northeast corner of the county rises Pigeon Creek, which by describing loops and curves, manages to meander through at least twenty-five miles before making its exit over the west county line. Just how far up this stream would be navigable for canoes would depend upon the stage of water, but the railroad village of Pleasant Lake would be a safe starting point. From here to the Lagrange County line not less than half-a-dozen lakes are strung like beads, with Pigeon Creek as the thread, besides others that are tributary to the chain through their own outlets. The water is not so clear and pure as in other parts of the county, but is a brown color owing to the drainage of swamp lands in the upper course of the stream.

Beginning with Long Lake, which, as the name implies, is long and narrow, one enters a region of marshes, which continue along the stream after the exit from the lake. The environs at this part of the route were thus described by Mr. Dryer some years ago:

"On leaving Long Lake the stream deserves to be called a river. The open water is fifteen to twenty feet wide and four feet deep, with a scarcely preceptible current, bordered by a marsh impossible to boat or foot. It winds through a jungle of cattails, wild rice, swamp loosestrife, willow, and other shrubs as impenetrable as those of central Africa. Nothing is visible but the brown water full of duckweed, millfoil, bladderwort and pond lilies beneath, the walls of flags and trees on either side, and the sky overhead. It is a place to look for an alligator to rise, but nothing is seen more exciting than a mud turtle, whose efforts to climb down into the tangle is very amusing."

After nearly two miles of this the stream again expands, this time into Golden Lake, also long and narrow. A mile or so beyond Golden brings the boatman to Hog Back, the largest Lake of this chain, and this receives from the north the tributaries from three other lakes lying nearby—Bass, Howard and Silver. This latter is one of the very few lakes of the county appropriately designated, the name being given because of the pallid sheen of its surface resulting from its shallow waters overlying a bottom of white marl. Dryer likens it to a silver plate "dropped down among the hills." Continuing by the main stream there is now a river run of four or five miles

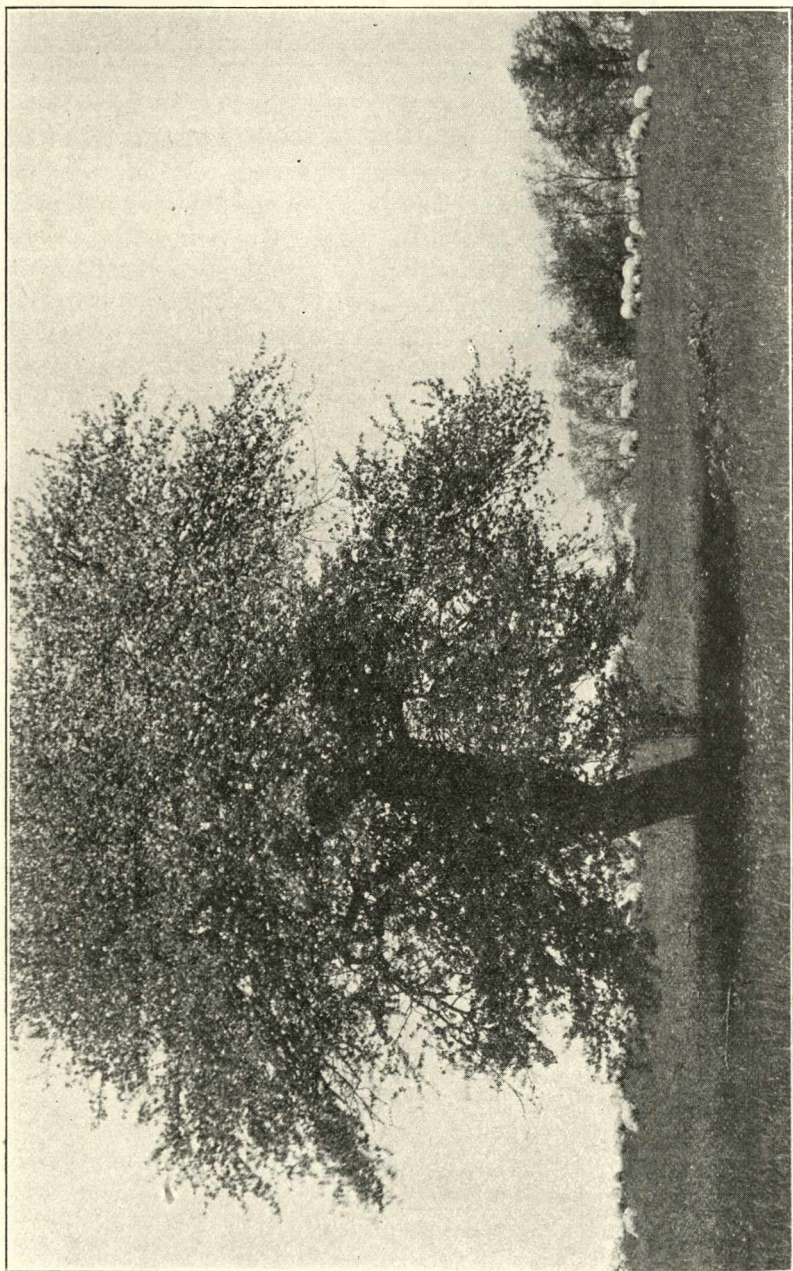


when Otter lake is reached near the west edge of the county (a different one from the Otter Lake previously mentioned). If the canoeist wishes to terminate his trip here he is handy to the state road, No. 20, eight miles due west from Angola.

The three chains of lakes here described, running parallel with each other, are all tributary to the St. Joseph River of Lake Michigan, and the explorer, if he desires, may paddle his way to that inland sea, his voyage, no doubt, yielding a harvest of discoveries and adventures. Or, if his desired objective lies in another direction he may launch his boat at Hamilton Lake, in the southeast part of the county, and follow its outlet to the St. Joseph of the Maumee, to Fort Wayne and to Lake Erie. It is of interest to note that the systems of the two St. Josephs meet here in eastern Steuben where the glaciers have laid the watershed.

**By Auto.**—But the person who finds his joy in the above manner is one out of a thousand. Far more who would like a knowledge of scenic Steuben at first hand would also prefer an easier method of introduction. The auto affords it. Elsewhere there has been mention of the roads that traverse the county to all its parts. These give access to virtually all the lakes, and these, in connection with the diversities of topography that distinguish the region offers unusual inducements to pleasure riding. On many of the lakes boats can be secured, and the shifting of the day's pleasure by an excursion to other waters that present new features lends variety to the summer's vacation. Gage, Crooked, Hamilton and Clear lakes, lying in different parts of the county, not to mention others, each invite to a day's recreation seasoned with the spice of change. The last-named of these, a beautiful three-lobed sheet of water with, it is claimed, five miles of shore line, lies in the extreme northeast corner. Clear as its name implies, deep, and with an exceptionally clean sandy beach, it is distinguished as a resort by the beauty of its summer homes.

Hamilton (formerly Fish) Lake, in the southeast section, is also one of the larger bodies, its attractiveness enhanced by irregularity of shape and sundry capes and islands. Here one will find not only hotel accommodations but an amusement resort with the various entertainments that are liked by so many. Thirty-five years ago Dryer told of a "peat glacier" lying on one shore of this lake, its peculiarity being that it



A PASTORAL



continually moved downward to the shore, slowly feeding fragments off into the water after the fashion of iceberg making. The little town of Hamilton stands on the south shore of the lake.

Pleasure riding over the county is made more inviting by the diversity of the topographical features. On first acquaintance the distribution of hills and lowlands may seem utterly chaotic, but closer study reveals that nature has made her scenery by a system—a system that geologically becomes a story of wonders. Beginning on the east side of the county there is first the valley of Fish Creek, then a belt of hill region some four miles wide, stretching northeast and southwest entirely across the county. This divides the valleys of the two St. Joseph rivers, the waters on one side flowing to Lake Erie and on the other to Lake Michigan. West of this hill range and parallel with it is the upper valley of Pigeon Creek, a low, level expanse three to four miles wide, redeemed from the marshes by much artificial drainage, and the head of it, once a body of water more than a square mile in extent, now an extinct lake. Beyond this, still westward comes the seeming hotchpotch of hills in the heart of which lies Lake James, described by Dryer as “an irregular range of knobs broken by transverse gaps into several groups, and interspersed with a great number of equally irregular lakes \* \* \* thrown together in extreme confusion.” Still going west and southwest much of the remainder of the county is level or gently rolling, with an area in the heart of it known as “Jackson Prairie” and described as “rolling land as beautiful as ever lay under the sun.” The three separate lake chains extending through the western half of the county, already described, are features of “nature’s system” above referred to, and the story of it told in popular form may whet the interest and add a new pleasure to the esthetic appreciation of the Steuben County scenery.



## The Story of the Lakes and Hills

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X If you refer to a map of Indiana complete enough to give an accurate idea of the lakes of the state you will see that they are scattered across the northern tiers of counties, Lake Manitou, at Rochester, Fulton County, being the southern limit. Of these lakes and lakelets there are said to be approximately a thousand between the Ohio and Illinois state lines, where curiously enough, the system stops short, not extending into either of the states mentioned. Wider examination shows that this thousand, more or less, are but a handful of the shining gems that the lavish maker of things has sown broadcast across the continent from Maine to Washington, from Labrador to British Columbia. Manifestly, on the theory that all things are caused, some stupendous agency has been at work here. There must be a background that would add to our appreciation of the thousand we Hoosiers have fallen heir to. In this fascinating search it would be easy to go too far afield for the purposes of the present sketch, but the effort shall be to confine the story to what is relevant.

"Once upon a time," here in Indiana, there occurred a battling so mighty that beside it the fabled war between the Titans and the Gods was insignificant. It has been spoken of as "the battle of the glaciers." It was a blind, mechanical conflict, but in view of its far-reaching results not less dramatic because of that. Speaking in metaphor, it was an age-long striving between the Frost King and the Sun God for possession of the earth. The physical causes lying back of it are still matters of hypothesis, but this we know, that death and desolation in the form of arctic cold, spreading southward as one vast polar ice-cap, came slowly, relentlessly down, invading the habitable zones. All that we know about Alpine glaciers or of the continental glacier of Greenland forever launching its icebergs into the northern ocean but faintly suggest to the imagination this universal ice-field reaching around the globe and advancing toward the equator with sinister creep, driving before it the myriad forms of life that peopled the warmer zones. For thousands of miles the ice sheet pushed forward its "far-flung battlefront" till halted and as slowly driven back by the

sun's persistent heat. In this contest between the two the melting forefront of the ice sheet was fashioned into vast scallops and lobes or tongues that alternately advanced and receded. Thus in scientific parlance the geologists tell us of the "Illinoian sheet," the "Wisconsin Sheet," the Saginaw, Michigan and Erie "lobes," as studied by the "drift" that reaches to the Ohio River. In other words these successive glaciers came down bearing with them measureless quantities of debris torn and ground from the rocks of the north, and as they melted back they left their loads in spread plains and ridged moraines till the larger part of the country north of the Ohio was made over with a new surface and new river systems. More than that, conditions were created that affected the coming history of man, still far in the future. The relation established between the Wabash and Maumee valleys determined, in time, the French settlements on the Wabash; the succeeding of the English to the French posts led to George Rogers Clark's conquest of the northwest, and Clark's conquest has affected American history so complexly that it passes even beyond the realm of speculation. This is what I mean by far-reaching results and a dramatic element that reaches beyond the history of man into the history of natural forces.

The last act of this drama of the elements within Indiana was when the main ice sheet sent forth its "lobes" or minor glaciers, that, following the lines of least resistance down existing valleys, "deployed," as geologist Leverett puts it, to east or west, as the lay of the land determined, but always southward. And now came the real "battle of the glaciers," and here we draw near to our theme proper, the making of the lakes and hills. Over the face of Michigan came what has been called the "Saginaw Lobe"; westward, by way of the Lake Erie basin and the Maumee valley came the "Erie Lobe." In northeastern Indiana the mighty masses met, their rounded terminals grinding together like the mills of the gods. Their freightage of drift, in the mutual interference, was intermingled and dumped haphazard, leaving, in the recession of the ice, its own peculiar topography, with basins hemmed in by drift desposits, and "kettle-holes" where great ice masses, embedded in the drift, left pits with their final melting. Not once only but several times this occurred. The topography of Steuben County as described a few pages back

represents at least three invasions, the hill ranges being as many terminal deposits, known as the second, third and fourth Erie moraines. In the "Handbook of Indiana Geology," facing page 106, a glacial map, showing the location of moraines over the state will make clearer how the Erie glacier with its curved front, left successive semi-circular deposits that intruded into eastern and northeastern Indiana, where they met the ice of the Saginaw lobe.



A WOODS TRAIL WITH MAY APPLE



## Regarding Fish and Fishing

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The man who finds no pleasure in fishing is not a normal person. Leaving out of the question the fish's point of view it must be said that it is the sport of sports if judged by the universality of its appeal. Even those who have quite outgrown the lust for killing wild animals respond to the fascinations of pitting themselves against the coy fishes with fly, spoon or bait, and feel the thrill aroused by a bending rod and swishing line. Nearly three centuries ago gentle old Isaak Walton wrote his "Compleat Angler, or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation," and his simple "Discourse of Fish and Fishing" has kept his memory green ever since. It is a noteworthy fact that fishermen are a genial fraternity, generous of their fellowship, and it often happens that a chronic grouch or martinet, when transferred from his office chair to a fishing boat under the open heavens, with a fishing pole in his hands, is so transformed as to be almost unrecognizable. Such is the alchemy wrought by change of environment, actinic sunshine and blowsing winds, and lazy ease counterbalanced by constant expectation of something to happen down in the hidden depths where lurks the deceptive hook. Incidentally it may be said that of all the sports classed as "natural" fishing has the most hopeful future. The hunter is being more and more restricted by changing conditions, in spite of game conservation. Almost universal private ownership of game covers and the ubiquitous "No Hunting" sign are obstacles that must some day make gunning practically obsolete for most men. It is not so where the fishes dwell. To the lakes and larger streams at least all men can have access, and successful conservation can restore and maintain an abundance of piscatorial life.

X It has been estimated that there are nearly 50,000 acres of lake area in Indiana, exclusive of ponds small enough to be privately owned. It is also said that there are nearly 4,000 miles of fishable rivers and creeks, not including the 350 miles of the Ohio that skirts our southern boundary. Pioneer chronicles agree in stating that in early days these waters everywhere teemed with fishes of many kinds, which were caught with such ease that we hear of them being used as hog feed. For many years there were no restrictive laws, and as population increased with the settlement of the country the net and spear and whatever other means of destruction could be devised demonstrated that in a prolonged campaign of annihilation no supply of wild life can be inexhaustible. But for the protective laws that eventually found their way into our statute books the "fish hog," who cares for nothing save his own lust for killing, would ere this have left few fish anywhere. This kind of citizen still numerous exists. He is the lineal successor of the man who did his best to exterminate the wild pigeon and the buffalo and other forms of wild life now virtually gone. He is the man who loves to have his picture taken with enough dead fish or game piled around him to provi-

sion an army. His instinct for destructiveness varies with conditions and opportunities. He regards every public park, monument or other possession as a place for vandalism in one form or another. He will deface a work of art by scribbling or scratching his name over it. He is the man who in springtime goes forth with his wife and children to ravage the woodlands and returns with his auto full of redbud and dogwood boughs rent ruthlessly from their parent trees, and of wild flowers torn in their fresh beauty from their native beds only to be "cast as rubbish to the void" the next hour. A sense of pride in his birthright as a protecting part owner in the gifts of nature seems to be foreign to him, and conservation laws are to him an infringement of his natural predatory rights. True sportsmen and nature-lovers and economists have had to take protective measures against this fell destroyer, hence the laws that seek to curb him. The great need is for a publicity campaign that will somehow get through his enfolding husks and give him a hunch as to how he looks to the rest of the world.

The beginning of a definite movement for the protection of fish in Indiana was in 1881, when a law was passed creating the office of Commissioner of Fisheries, whose duties were "to examine the various lakes, rivers and water courses in the state and ascertain whether they could be rendered more productive in the supply of fish; also, what measures were desirable to effect the propagating and protection of fish." Evidently little was accomplished for several years beyond studying the situation, for it was not until 1897 that it was made illegal to use seines, nets, traps or other devices for wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of fish, and for the inauguration of a system of wardens to carry out the statute. Since that time other restrictions have been added to the law and there gradually has been developed a more and more efficient system. There is now a Division of Fish and Game existing as a part of the Department of Conservation, which latter covers a much wider field than this particular kind of conservation.

It has taken years to convince many, even among those who are law-abiding, that the regulation of their fishing privileges is a necessity unless fishing is to become obsolete as a recreation. An educational campaign had to do its work. To this end the state invited the co-operation of all citizens who saw the reasons for protection. As far back as 1889 such citizens had begun to form into clubs and associations for the preservation of fish and game. These became an important backing in the movement and today there are listed in the report of the Division of Fish and Game over 300 protective organizations besides 155 "Izaak Walton Chapters," the latter being affiliated with a national association of fishermen known as the "Izaak Walton League." With this favorable sentiment continually growing, and an increasing efficiency in the warden service the actual protection of fish and game has become more and more a fact, as is shown by the increasing number of arrests and convictions from year to year for violations of the law. These mounting statistics will reach their peak and decline when the recalcitrant class realize that the law is something other than a dead letter and has teeth in it.

The work of the state in this branch of conservation has two distinct

objects—the protection of fish against inconsiderate destruction, and the increasing of the supply by artificial aids. The first involves a warfare against netting, spearing, dynamiting and kindred methods of slaughtering, and against those industrial offenders who in self-interest are willing to contaminate a stream for untold miles with their refuse to the extermination of fish life. The second involves a scientific system of propagation, now beyond the experimental stage, in which lies the hope of a permanent fish supply.

Indiana now operates five hatcheries, located in various parts of the state, as follows: Bass Lake State Fish Hatchery, with eight ponds, at Bass Lake, in Starke County; Wawasee Hatchery, fifteen ponds, at Lake Wawasee, Kosciusko County; Tri-Lakes Hatchery, six ponds, at Tri-Lakes, Whitley County; Riverside Hatchery, twenty-six ponds, at Indianapolis; Avoca Hatchery, eleven ponds, in Lawrence County. These protected waters, being stocked with parent fishes of the desired kinds, furnish vast numbers of fry. For their further protection they are segregated in different ponds according to age and size and are thus kept until they are able to take care of themselves and ready to "plant." From these hatcheries streams, lakes and private ponds over the state are restocked as applications are made by interested persons or organizations. By the last report of the division there were 1,427 such applications, and, in course of the year 1926 there were placed in eighty-six different counties 2,798,102 young fishes. Of these 892,800 were black bass. In Steuben County 186,950 black bass, yellow perch, blue gills and rock bass were planted in the following twelve lakes: James, Crooked, Gage, Loon, Pleasant, George, Fish, Clear, Hogback, Golden, Long and Little Long.



VIEW FROM PICNIC GROUNDS OVER SECOND AND THIRD BASINS



## The Vanished Race

The histories give very little information about the Indians in Steuben County, and the lingering traditions are rather vague, still there are sources from which we may learn something about them. We know that they were of the Potawatomi tribe, for on the treaties which disposed of the lands to the whites may be found the names of the chiefs and headmen, with their tribal affiliations. The area comprised by the county was included in two separate purchases, one made in 1821 and the other in 1828, the line between them running east and west a little south of the center of the county. Who the Potawatomi were will be considered a little later on.

It may well be surmised that this land of lakes and magnificent forests was an Indian's paradise, and this was confirmed by Simon Pokagon, the last chief of the Potawatomi, who a number of years ago made a speech at an old settlers meeting held in Angola in which he spoke of the abounding wild life of the region in earlier days, including moose, elk, buffalo and beaver. In season water fowl came in countless flocks and the lakes were alive with fish, while the woods yielded an unusual abundance of wild fruits. This lasted until after much of the state further south was settled, for the government did not make the first surveys until 1831.

The field notes and maps of these original surveys may now be seen in the office of the Auditor of State, at Indianapolis. The notes tell little of the Indian occupancy, but the maps show a number of trails traversing the county in various directions, and locate two Indian villages. One of the latter lies on southwest quarter of section 15, township 36 north, range 14 east. This is a mile or so north and a little east of Lake Hamilton. Not less than six trails radiate from this village, which would seem to indicate that it was a center of some importance. The other one is in the northeast quarter of section 24, township 36 north, range 12 east, which is in the southwest part of the county about two miles north of Hudson. Here two trails intersect, the congressional township (which is the survey unit) being criss-crossed by not less than six or eight. Township 37 north, range 13 east, containing Crooked Lake and the south half of Lake James, shows three or four trails, one of which passing between James and Crooked skirts the shore of Crooked where "Long Beach" and "Oak Bluff" now are, and, trending a little west of north, strikes the west shore of James not far from Jimerson Creek. In the next township to the north we find a trace or trail marked "Fort Wayne to Coldwater," coming from the southwest, joining with the Indian trail last mentioned, and continuing on northward, crossing the Michigan line about a mile west of Lake George. Another line of travel apparently used by white men is designated as the "Road from Defiance to Pigeon," running southeast and northwest across the county.\*

\* The names of the two deputy surveyors having charge of this region are given as George W. Harrison and Edward H. Lytle.

These old thoroughfares on the surveyor's maps, unnamed and incidental though they are, speak to the imagination. The dim pencilings winding around the lakes and marshes tell of a people whose primitive and romantic life fitted into this wild land of many waters as all creatures of nature fit into their habitats. They tell of aboriginal customs—of objectives—of visitings to and fro, now on peaceful ceremonial errands, and, again, with blood-thirsty intent in quest of vengeance or glory. The picture arises of long lines of swart figures, silent as moving shadows, threading the forest depths in single file along the beaten track that followed the best and easiest way through the wilderness. Or, where the trails converge at the villages we see the picturesque home life of the red man with its setting of primeval nature—the cluster of wigwams, the curling smoke from outdoor fires, the squaws at their various tasks, the lounging braves resting in indolence, the children and dogs playing together in happy comradeship, the display of gaudy finery brought from afar by the trader offsetting the bead-wrought garments fashioned from the skins of wild animals.

And now comes the surveyor's party making its slow way over hill and valley, using strange instruments in what the simple-minded red man might well consider cryptic rites. For him, indeed, those rites were fraught with significance. For him it was the beginning of the end, the inauguration of a new order. The land where lay the graves of his fathers was his no longer. Not even a memorial was to remain to signify that he had ever existed here, and the only tokens that speak of him are these old tracings on the maps of the vanguard that came to reduce his unlimited ancient domain to townships, ranges and sections, and the signatures of their chiefs who signed away their inheritance. Such is the grimness and the mockery of fate!

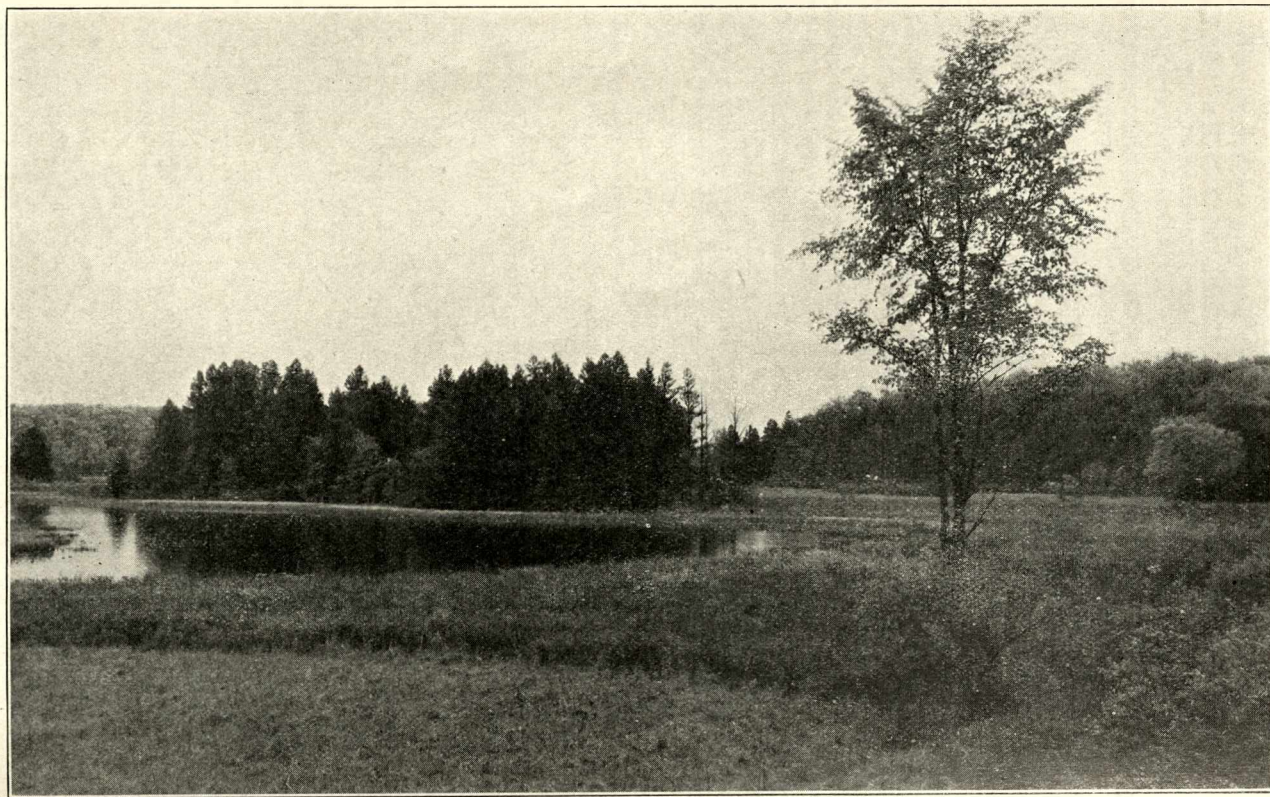
**The Potawatomi.**—Do not the victims of that fate deserve something better than indifference and oblivion? Let us consider specifically the Potawatomi.\*

Of the three principal Indian tribes that held the soil of Indiana before their supplanting by the white man the Potawatomi were, perhaps, the most numerous, if we include that part of the tribe that lapped over into Michigan. It was estimated that they numbered 3,400 in 1820. They came from the north, gradually extending their territory southward till by the beginning of the 19th century we find them scattered through southern Michigan, northern Illinois and northern Indiana. In our state their country comprised virtually all the region north of the Wabash River. Their further spread southward was checked by the Miami along the Wabash and the Delawares in the White River valley, but they held for a period undisputed possession of approximately one-fourth of the state—an area equaling at least twenty counties of forest and prairies, including all of the Indiana lake belt.

In appraising the character of the American Indian we should, in all fairness, consider him in his primitive state, before being debauched by the white man's vices and roused to savagery by the multiplication

\* Different writers spell this name variously. The form here adopted is that used by the Bureau of American Ethnology. This authority makes no distinction between the singular and the plural forms.





THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND



of innumerable wrongs. The most valuable testimony is that of those who first came in contact with him. Of the Potawatomi, Father Al-louez, the early Jesuit missionary, says: "Of all the people that I have associated with in these countries they are the most docile and affectionate toward the French. Their wives and daughters are more reserved than those of other nations. They have a kind of civility among them, and make it quite apparent to strangers, which is very rare among our barbarians." Elsewhere it is said that they were "more kindly disposed toward Christianity, besides being more humane and civilized than the other tribes," and that "their natural politeness and readiness to oblige was extended to strangers." All of which is borne out by accounts we have of bands of Christianized Indians whose simple rectitude and child-like spirit might well have been accepted as a rebuke by the dominant race with its pretenses to Christianity.

The story of the Potawatomi in Indiana from the time that the white migration began to press on their domain to the final enforced removal is a tragic one. Within a period of eleven years this tribe by six separate treaties, and virtually against their wills, parted with all their lands in the state, except a number of small tracts that were reserved to certain chiefs and their bands. Within the next four or five years the United States acquired possession of all these reserves, leaving what bands remained without any home of their own except as they were suffered to remain on unsettled lands not theirs. There was one notable exception in Indiana. Menominee, a sub-chief of some importance, who with his band of Christian Indians, occupied a reserve at Twin Lakes, in Marshall County, had refused to sign away his land, and declined to remove westward, whither many others of his tribesmen had gone. This conflicted with the desires of the settlers who wanted the land, and a way was found to accomplish the white man's ends. Trouble was fomented, and when the Indians, as a retaliatory act, chopped the cabin door and threatened the life of a squatter an appeal was made to Governor David Wallace for protection. The response was the immediate raising of one hundred armed volunteers under General John Tipton, and these marched to Twin Lakes with orders to round up the remaining Potawatomi and escort them all out of the state. The Menominee Indians were surprised when many of them were at services in the Catholic mission, were disarmed, and were then placed under guard pending the gathering in of others still lingering throughout what had been the Potawatomi territory. The last of the tribe in Steuben County were included in this migration. At the conclusion of this "drag net" proceeding Tipton had gathered up 859 of the tribe, including both sexes and all ages, preparatory to the general exodus.

Before the coming of Tipton, in a council with the government Indian agent, Abel C. Pepper, Menominee had voiced his vigorous and indignant protest. "The President does not know the truth," he declared. "He, like me, has been imposed upon. He does not know that you made my young chiefs drunk and got their consent and pretended to get mine. He does not know that I have refused to sell my lands, and still refuse. He would not by force drive me from my home, the graves of my tribe and my children who have gone to the Great Spirit, nor

allow you to tell me your braves will take me tied like a dog, if he knew the truth. \* \* \* I have not sold my lands. I will not sell them. I have not signed any treaty, and will not sign any. I am not going to leave my lands, and I do not want to hear anything more about it."

This stand, however, availed the chief and his people nothing. On the 4th of September, 1838, the armed escort was ready to move with its mournful procession. At the last hour the Catholic priest, Father Petit, assembled his flock in the mission chapel for a final service. Describing the scene he said: "I wept, and my auditors sobbed aloud. It was indeed a heart-rending sight, and over our dying mission we prayed for the success of those who would establish in the new hunting grounds. We then with one accord sang 'O Virgin, we place our confidence in Thee.' It was often interrupted by sobs, and but few voices were able to finish it." The day before the Indians paid a last visit to their dead at the little graveyard and held an impressive service, "accompanied by general lamentation that was indescribably pathetic as they bade farewell forever to the resting places of their lost ones." This parting from the "graves of their fathers," an expression so often found in Indian literature, means more than at first appears. In their beliefs they sustained a real touch with their dead, who were a part of their lives. The departed ones, they thought, still remembered the earth life, still shared in the family affections, and still required affection. Cornelia S. Hulst, in her "Indian Sketches," thus expresses it:

"The living relatives often visited the tomb and did penance there so that the dead might not be made to suffer for the wrongs they had done. A mother would often sit at the grave of her child and chat with it in fond affection, as if it still lived. The Potawatomi tribe did not bury their dead for fear that wolves might disturb the graves, but dressed the body in beautiful clothing, wrapped them close in buffalo robes, and laid them away in branches of trees with their faces turned to the rising sun, and food and tobacco enough for the journey to the spirit land. The living still gave honor to the dead, and twice every year, with solemn songs and spirit dances, the whole tribe met and held the 'feast of the dead,' when they shared with the departed the best food that the great spirit has given to man—the flesh of the buffalo and the pigeon. The last solemn service was held in the night, when great bonfires were lit, and all of the tribe, old and young, looking like spirits themselves as they moved in the dance from fire to fire of the camp, cast bits of the flesh of their feast into the flames, while they chanted, 'We are going about like spirits, feeding the dead.' If their lands were sold and strangers came into possession, who would honor their dead?"

To return from this digression, that enforced march of the last Indians from our state has aptly been called "The Trail of Death." The season was unusually hot and dusty, and they traveled in clouds of choking dust. The suffering inflicted on the children, the weak and the sickly was more than many of them could endure, and the long way

to Kansas, their destination, was marked by graves, the only solace being the administrations of their faithful priest, who, though far from being strong himself, cleaved to them in their distress. The slow journey took two months, and at the end of it the number of Indians were decreased by 150. Most of these had died, but some had escaped the vigilance of the soldiers and returned to their old haunts, though it could only be to spend the rest of their days as homeless and despised vagabonds. It is not known whether Chief Menominee died on the way to Kansas or soon after, but the tragedy of the removal was probably his death stroke. The last recorded utterance of his that we have was still one of trust in the face of bitter evidence. "The President does not know the truth," he reiterated. "He would not by force drive me from my home, the graves of my tribe and of my children. My brother, the President, is just."

The white successors to his country have not quite forgotten the injustice they visited upon one of Indiana's finest specimens of the red race. Just seventy-one years after his departure from Twin Lakes a statue of him was unveiled on the spot where Father Petit's missionary chapel had stood—thanks to the efforts of the late Daniel McDonald, who by giving publicity to the story of Menominee aroused a sympathetic interest, and as a legislator secured an appropriation for a monument to perpetuate the memory of that story. The removal of the Potawatomi was a companion event to that of the Acadians, known so well to the world through "Evangeline," but the Indians had no Longfellow to give immortality to the event.

**The Pokagons.**—There is a voluminous literature about the Indians, and many notable characters of that race have been redeemed from oblivion, chiefly by virtue of their valor as warriors and leaders or their eloquence as orators. The world has a taste for the spectacular, and fame caters to that taste. Much less is said of another type of Indian of whom history gives us indirect glimpses and who is more deserving of honored remembrance than any warrior or mere maker of speeches. Since this also happens in the white man's history it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. Leopold and Simon Pokagon (pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, long o), father and son, and both Potawatomi chiefs, stood for the rights, for the saving, and for the betterment of their people with a wisdom and an unselfish patriotism unexcelled in the annals of Indian history. Simon, the son, was the last acknowledged chief of his tribe in this region. Their home was in southern Michigan, but in the day of the elder Pokagon the tribe, as has been told, spread over the whole of northern Indiana, and in the treaty of 1828, which surrendered the southern half of the Steuben County area, his name (by cross mark) is signed. He was then second in rank among all the chiefs of the tribe, and later, it appears, became head chief. Among other lands he signed away unwillingly, under the stress of conditions, was a million acres where Chicago now stands, and it is said that he wept when he did it. The price the treaty called for amounted to three cents per acre, and even at that figure it was sixty years before it was fully paid for.

While Pokagon I, as he is designated, was naturally drawn into





Dogwood  
(*Cornus florida*).



Adder's Tongue  
*Erythronium*  
*albidum*).



Wild Sweet  
William  
(*Phlox*  
*maculata*).

the conflict between the races, he stood conspicuously for peace even when it by no means suited the mood of his followers. He was wise enough to see the futility of the long struggle, and he urged adaptation to the inevitable. Like Menominee, previously spoken of, he was a convert to the Catholic faith, and in embracing it he accepted its precepts of humility and good will towards all, not excepting those who had injured him and his people, and he strove to inculcate the same spirit among his people. As in the case of Menominee there was something touching in his eager desire to have his followers taught in the new and better ways. He wished a mission to be established among them and several times made the journey to Detroit to ask that a "black-gown" or missionary be sent to them. His plea to the ecclesiastical official on one of these visits has been thus translated: "Father, father, I come to beg you to send us a black-gown to teach us the word of God. We are ready to give up whisky and all our barbarous customs. Thou dost not send us a black-gown, and thou hast often promised us one. What! Must we live and die in our ignorance? If thou hast no pity on us, take pity on our poor children, who will live as we have lived, in ignorance and vice." Added to this he told how his people had preserved prayers that had been previously taught them, how his wife and children prayed before the crucifix every night and morning, and how they all fasted according to the traditions they had learned. Finally, as a reward of his zeal, a priest was sent them, one of his first acts being to baptize Pokagon and his wife, bestowing upon them the Christian names of Leopold and Elizabeth.

It is said that this chief, in his many transactions with the whites, was never known to break his word. Realizing the demoralizing effects of whisky on the red man, he was an uncompromising foe to that curse of his race, and no trader dared bring it into the territory under his jurisdiction. The Pokagon band was never removed west, and the chief here considered died in Cass County, Mich., about 1841.

Simon Pokagon, son of Leopold, born at the village of his band in southern Michigan, in 1825 or 1830 (there exist two statements as to the date), was reared in the Catholic faith, and during his youth was educated at Notre Dame College, Oberlin College and a school at Twinsburg, O. He learned four or five languages and was regarded as the best educated Indian of his time. It was intended that he should enter the priesthood, but on the completion of his schooling he returned to the Indian life and to the title his father had held in the Potawatomi tribe. As a real friend of his people he nowise fell below the service rendered by his father, and was credited with ably and faithfully administering the affairs of some 300 tribesmen that acknowledged his leadership. With his sagacity and enlightened views he promoted their welfare in various ways, pleading, meanwhile, with the whites for a recognition of the Indian as something other than a depraved savage. He wrote much, and articles from his pen may be found in the files of a number of periodicals of high standing. A semi-biographical book published after his death through the kindness of a sympathetic friend, entitled "O-gi-maw-kwe Mit-i-gwa-ki" (Queen of the Woods) has a quite unusual interest in its reflection of the Indian mind and nature.



Not the least of his material services was the securing from the United States government, after long effort, the payment to his tribe of \$150,000 for the Chicago land, above spoken of, sold by the elder Pokagon sixty years before, at three cents per acre. This money, when received, was honestly and evenly distributed by Simon, the youngest child receiving as much as the chief, notwithstanding his years of labor to obtain it. It was this honesty and the generosity characteristic of the Indian that made Simon Pokagon live and die a poor man.

This Potawatomi claim was allowed in 1893, and connected with it is a very interesting episode. This was the year of the Columbian World's Exposition, at Chicago. On his way from Washington, where the justice of his long-continued appeal had at last been recognized, Pokagon visited Chicago to attend the opening of the great fair. It was an immense demonstration. There he saw conspicuously honored the Spanish representatives of the discoverers of the new world and the commissioners representing the various nations; he heard a prayer offered up for all the nationalities, but he whose people had once owned the spot where all this was taking place, whose father had signed it away for three cents an acre, and wept when he did it, stood unknown and unnoted amid the crowd. Not quite unnoted. A little Indian girl, also in the crowd, so goes the story, saw him, and stepping up to him gave him some wild flowers she had been carrying. For the second time a Pokagon wept upon this spot.

From the time the exposition had been first talked of it had been Pokagon's heart-felt desire that the educated people of his race should hold a congress there and make known the fact that they, too, had accomplished something in the direction of civilization, but no such step had been taken. What he saw instead was the exploited Indians of the "Midway Plaisance" doing grotesque dances and sounding war whoops for money. The old man was sorely grieved. He went home and wrote a booklet which he called "The Red Man's Greeting," and in which he unburdened his heart. With a nice sense of fitness he had it printed on birch bark and bound in the same material, chosen because of its varied usefulness to the Indians from time immemorial. This unique form of the brochure caught the attention, and it was found that the literary style challenged the interest as well. Professor Swing, of Chicago, called it "The Red Man's Book of Lamentations," and another spoke of its "wild, rough imagery and native eloquence."

The result of this publication was that its author, by invitation, revisited the Chicago fair as the guest of the city, where he was duly honored. The catching story of his relation to the Chicago site made picturesque newspaper material, that was freely recognized. He was the romantic link between She-gog-ong, the Indian village that once stood here, and Chicago, one of the greatest commercial centers of the world. His father, the Potawatomi chieftain, had owned the spot where the great exposition was now held, and Pokagon himself had witnessed the marvelous transformation, remembering back to the days when it was still a hunting ground. There was no lack of publicity and no lack of flattering attention, but the old chief accepted it all with the simple dignity of a child of nature. On "Chicago Day" he occupied a place



of honor on the speaker's platform, where he presented to Mayor Harrison the parchment copy of the original treaty deed to the Chicago lands—the copy that at the time of the treaty was furnished to Pokagon I as the representative of his tribe. The surrender of the precious document was accompanied by a message addressed "To His Honor, the Mayor," to the effect that while he and his people still had a claim to the ownership of the spot on which they stood, since it had not as yet been actually paid for, yet all that was asked was that Chicago should give the Indian a chance to speak for himself and show the world that he was deserving of respect. It would require about two thousand dollars for a red men's congress such as he wished, but the Potawatomi were too poor to supply that. His plea was that the rich inheritors of what was once the red man's wealth would make it possible for the best representatives of his race to "come back and talk with you for one day," to prove that "we are men and brothers, worthy to be called Americans, and fit for citizenship." In a speech that was also part of the same day's exercises the old chief won his hearers by the breadth of his outlook, the sweetness and loftiness of his spirit, the wisdom of his advice to his own people, and the sincerity of his closing assurance to the assembled multitude that "the red man is your brother, and God is the Father of all."

A further insight into the character of Simon Pokagon in its finer aspects is afforded by his little book, "O-gi-maw-kwe Mit-i-gwa-ki" (translated as "Queen of the Woods"), above referred to, which was published after his death. This forest romance is, no doubt, fanciful in parts, but it is in the main, a record of himself, his loves, his ideals and his way of thinking and feeling. Considered as a story of Indian life, written by a full-blooded Indian who shared that life, and speaking about things wherein the Indian, generally, is inarticulate, the work is unique and fascinating. Through it runs the silver thread of Pokagon's own love story, so pure, so refined and chaste, so faithful that many of our modern specialists in love fiction might well take note and consider the beauties of these virtues. The character of Lonidaw, the Indian girl, whom he named "Queen of the Woods," and her eerie power over the wild creatures of nature, are told with such simple sincerity that one is persuaded it was so. By mimicking their voices she would draw around her the squirrels and wild pigeons and other birds and animals; a white deer that she had found as a fawn, was her constant companion, and none of the wild things feared her. Lonidaw became Pokagon's bride, and they built their wigwam home of bark and poles in the towering woods surrounding a far "sa-gai-gan" or "inland lake," with its flags and rushes and plenty of wild rice to attract the water fowl. If we choose to fancy that this wild, enticing spot may have lain somewhere in Steuben County no one can gainsay it.

It was rum that brought cruel tragedy into the happy lives of Pokagon and Lonidaw. They had two children, a boy, Olondo, and a girl, whom they called "Hazel Eye." The boy went away to school, as his father had done, but there he acquired the Indian's fatal appetite for liquor, which eventually brought about his death. Hazel Eye, when alone in her canoe upon the lake, was run down by a couple of drunken

white boatmen who did not think her worth saving. Her mother, from the shore, in the attempt to rescue the child, was almost drowned herself, and when Pokagon returned to his home from the hunt he found her lying unconscious on the lake shore. When she recovered from this state she was delirious and when, on her wigwam couch, she passed from this to a brief period of sanity it was to evoke from her husband a promise that as long as he lived he would fight against the fell destroyer of their child and of their race. This promise was the last words she heard. One would look long to find a more poignant picture than that of the stricken Indian in the forest alone with his dead, his only child in the bottom of the lake, or of his return to the lonely lodge after Lonidaw's burial. Pokagon lived for many years thereafter to serve as active chief of his tribe, and throughout those years he strove, as his father had before him, to stay the curse of liquor among his people. He might have cited ample reasons for bitterness, but he was always conciliatory, sweet and grateful for kindnesses. He was a Christian in the real sense of the word, a gentleman by nature, and—an Indian. The least we can do is to remember him.



CAMPING AREA

## Indian Nomenclature

It seems altogether fitting that an esthetic interest in lakes and other features of natural scenery should also incline to names with appropriate romantic associations. In America we may find an abundance of such names that are at once mellifluous and reminiscent of one of the most picturesque and romantic races that earth has produced—the American Indian. These characteristics are enhanced by the history and the tragedies of the red men in their contact with a dominant race. If one wants to prove that this sentiment is not only widespread but has long existed he has but to go to his geography. Mrs. Sigourney has said of the Indian that “his name is writ upon our waters,” and the maps show it to be so. From the Schoodic lakes and Passamaquaddy Bay, on the eastern boundary of Maine, to the Chehalis River in Washington, and from Athabasca in Saskatchewan to Okechobee in Florida we find the tendency to perpetuate the aboriginal nomenclature, though in very many instances it exists in such corrupted form as to bear little resemblance to the original. In the oldest states, those of the Atlantic seaboard, that tendency prevails most, showing that sentiment in the matter asserted itself strongly with the early colonists. Our chain of great lakes, with the exception of Superior, all bear Indian names, as do the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, while Indiana means “the country of the Indians.” Throughout our borders many such names are attached to streams and lakes, from Patoka River in the southwest to Lake Wawassee in the northeast. What, now, do we find in Steuben County with its exceptionally large group of lakes inviting a christening befitting their beauty? In all the long list of names that have been adopted not one harks back to the vanished race that once roamed here. Instead we find such designations as James, Jimerson, Crooked, Gooseneck, Gravel, Grass, Lime Kiln, Cheeseboro, etc. There are two Turkey lakes, not less than five Mud lakes, a Hog Lake, and (heaven save the mark) a Hogback Lake.\* Can a region that is making an asset of its scenic features and aiming to appeal to the esthetic sense of visitors afford to be handicapped by this array of prosaic, unimaginative terminology. To name a limpid and attractive lake in such fashion as to suggest a hog wallow is to commit an assault on the proprieties.

Without presuming to venture too far with suggestions the writer here appends a list of the shorter and more flowing Indian proper names to be found attached to the treaties for the Steuben County lands. All were chiefs of importance. Topenebee (head chief of the Potawatomi) Abeenabee, Shipshewanon, Sheequa, Kaushquaw, Menonquet, Kinnekase, Peesheewai, Misquabuck, Sheshegon, Mookoos, Pcheekoo, Benac, Cicot,

\* The name “Kame” Lake for this fine body of water would have more appropriate associations than the porcine one evoked by “Hogback.” The peculiarly shaped hill from which it takes its absurd name is in geologic language, a “kame,” or particular form of glacial deposit. Thus this designation would hark back to the glacial history of the region.



Monquago. Villages named in the treaties are Mickkesawbe, Mangachqua and Natowasepe. Menawche and Kalawna are women's names, the latter that of the wife of Pokagon I. Other Potawatomi terms, as translated by Simon Pokagon, are: Ogimaw, chief; Aunishnawbeog, Indians; osseemaw, father; ogawshemaw, mother; nokomiss, grandmother; ikwe, maid; oshki abinodji, infant child; ginibowin, death; bimadisiwin, life; odaw, the heart; sagiawewin, love; Kijemanito, the Great Spirit; Manito Auke, the spirit world; gisiss, the sun; sebe, river; sagaigan, lake; mitig, the woods; nibish, water; gigo, fish; penayshenwog, birds; owasisswan, nest; wamawshkashe, the deer; meshebeshe, the panther; mawboos, the rabbit; ausawnawgog, the squirrel; mitchisibwan, the osprey; ogabeshiwin aki, our camping ground. Michi bidawwan means a huge fire-place, and ish kote is fire. Meno is good, and meno tchiki, good-bye. Boo-zhoo and tani ki dodam are Indian salutations, the former probably derived from the French *bonjour*. Boo-zhoo, niccon, is equivalent to "how do you do, my friend?"

To the above it may be added that while the other two leading tribes of Indiana, the Miami and Delawares, have had counties named for them the word Potawatomi is not to be found on our map.



TRILLIUMS

## The Lure of Nature

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That phase of conservation represented by the public park movement in Indiana and elsewhere is rendering a service so far-reaching that as yet it is but imperfectly appreciated. This service may be better understood if we begin by considering this question: What is the real meaning of conservation?

From this point of approach we must face the fact that the very foundations of man's life and civilization are the natural resources. Those that furnish food and protection are necessities of life. Those that are wrought by artifice into innumerable aids to living are necessities of civilization. When resources of the first kind cease life must cease, and in proportion as those of the second kind fail civilization must suffer. The economic crime always has been, either the assumption that natural resources would not fail, or the selfish indifference that cared nothing for the welfare of future generations. We have had ample warnings that these seemingly inexhaustible gifts of nature may and do fail. An excellent example of monumental stupidity with its natural results is offered by the history of natural gas in Indiana, which resource, a discovery of vast value, was squandered without reason and without limit so long as the pockets of Trenton rock would spill forth their wealth. After an orgy of wastefulness had made the "gas era" a thing of the past a belated conservation was introduced to make the most of the few scattered wells that remained, but gas as an important economic asset was gone beyond recall.

Untold millions of square miles of the earth's surface have been rendered barren by wholesale deforestation and soil depletion, and from these causes there has been considerable loss of land values in our own state; where the balance of nature has been disturbed by the destruction of insectivorous birds farmers and horticulturists have suffered serious losses; and so numerous and varied illustrations could be cited to show that on the economic side alone conservation becomes all-important soon or later.

But the relation of man to nature is by no means confined to his economic welfare. That great out-of-doors as God made it which we call "Nature" has an esthetic appeal which, sensibly or insensibly, affects the character of men in proportion as they are educated to its influences. The very animals are subject to it. A wild creature taken from its native haunts and put in the environment of a domestic one is manifestly unhappy. We can only guess at its psychology, but we can well fancy that the vivid imagination of Jack London in his "Call of the Wild" strikes somewhere near to the mysterious primal instinct.

In aboriginal man we find the same evidence of a subtle tie between the individual and the nature environment—a tie so strong that it still persists long after the primal stage has passed. The innate love of rod and gun, of the open spaces and life in a tent, so much in evidence, is the same kind of "throw-back" that caused Jack London's

dog to revert to the ways of his wolf ancestors. An Indian child reared and educated in civilized surroundings is more than apt to go back to the primitive life and ways of his fathers, as drawn by an irresistible fascination. A conspicuous example was Simon Pokagon, already considered in this booklet, one of the best educated men of his race, who preferred life with his tribe to anything that he might have gained from life with the whites. His book, the "Queen of the Woods," though obviously modified by the white man's way of thinking as the result of his education, yet reveals the psychology and instincts of the Indian as Cooper in his Indian fictions never could do.

The familiar phrase, "the savage in all of us," has a meaning to most of us, but the savage response to nature, associated as it is with unpytting warfare against other creatures, is but the crude earlier form of feelings that mount to higher planes as man evolves esthetically. The Indian has been saddled with much poetry that does not belong to him, at least in any conscious way. For example, the "White Rose of the Miami," as applied to Frances Slocum, the famous white captive, was simply some white man's invention. Her Indian name was Mukkonskwa, meaning "Little Bear Woman." Similarly, "Minnehaha, Laughing Water," originated with Longfellow, not in the "land of the Dacotahs." Persons and things were often named for natural objects with an appropriateness that was of itself essentially poetic, but the associations and the refinements of thought and feeling that enter into developed poetry were lacking. A girl that happened to be born at the first flush of sunrise might be given a name indicative of that fact, but no such concept as "Aurora, rosy-fingered daughter of the dawn," could be elaborated in the simple savage mind.

By the same token the message of nature to man comes to have new meanings with the growth of esthetic culture. Higher than the mere sportsman type is the true lover of woods and fields who "hunts the birds without a gun and leaves the flower upon its stalk." This is he who "in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms," and to whom she speaks a varied language.

"For his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And healing sympathy that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

It is in this conscious "communion" that one finds the real touch with nature. The environment becomes something other than a mere background to social pleasures. It is a whole-hearted return to primal and elemental pleasures that, with an enlarged and quickened capacity for appreciation, are illimitable, and know no palling, and the fostering of this is the highest office of that conservation which preserves in their primitive beauty nature spots for the enjoyment and recuperation of all.

The state's work in this direction has not been a sudden and spontaneous thing. Long before we had any state park societies of private



citizens preached nature preservation. The first step toward saving our forests from utter destruction was of this character. A quarter of a century ago the Indiana Audubon Society was formed as a crusade for the protection of birds, and at a later date a handful of nature lovers, flocking together as kindred spirits, made the nucleus of the nature study club of Indiana, which now, boasting a membership of more than four hundred, finds its pleasure in country rambles, in pilgrimages to interesting places, and in periodical meetings with nature programs throughout the winters. This club has stimulated others, and there are perhaps a dozen in different parts of the state. The time-honored custom of wandering abroad, "strange countries for to see," has been adopted by the Indiana Society of Pioneers and the State Historical Society, and to these, doubtless, might be added other organized contributions to the same general movement, all showing a reaction from the too-strenuous artificial life and a return to healthful simplicity.

Earth and sky, trees and hills and water are visible alike to the dull boor and the poet, but how different the message from the outer world to these two! To him who can feel as well as see—who is sensitive to the message, these "visible forms" are charged with mysteries that invite to endless seeking. The secret of their finding rests with the seeker. Nature in her finer aspects thrusts herself upon no man. There must be the will to find—the surrender of self to the subtle influences, but entrance once gained to this inner world of beauty its offerings excel "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." The devotee at this shrine will find at Pokagon Park and its surroundings a field of enticements not to be exhausted in a day nor in many days. Afoot, by boat or by auto he may go, finding endless diversity. This is true wherever the state has a park, but here the lure of the water weaves its added spells.

As all lovers of the water know, its witcheries are infinite. By day and by night, in sunshine and in storm a lake has its shifting moods like a sentient thing. Answering like a mirror to the over-arching vault it reflects back, now the cerulean heavens, now the massed brilliance of summer clouds, and the cloud shadows chase each other over the face of the level flood, mottling it with ever-moving shine and shadow. Sometimes it lies slumbering beneath the wide sky a sheet of molten silver. Then the frolic winds come to gambol along its polished surface, heralded by little breezes that "dusk and shiver," showing their fairy footprints in ripple belts as they skitter hither and yon. Anon stronger draughts come pouring lakeward from the land, and all along the curved strands the wavelets begin to lisp and whisper, succeeded by a babel of liquid voices as the winds gather force. If the storm king gathers his somber hosts overhead the lake darkens ominously as though it warned man against trespassing on its bosom, and when the battalions of the air descend with trumpeting of fury the whole watery waste is stirred to tumultuous life; in long serried lines the whitecaps leap and roll, and a thousand forms of

gleaming white, appearing and disappearing, "play with the fancy and baffle the sight." Another time, it may be, the low-hung clouds send down a gentle, windless rain, and lo! everywhere over the still surface are woven wondrous patterns, graceful and cunning as any ever wrought by Arachne. All day long, through fair and foul, the scene is steeped in lights that change with every hour, and when, with the approach of evening calm, parting day "dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues with a new color," the painted heavens tint the waters to the west with rose and saffron and all the opulent hues of precious stones, cloven by the pillar of fire that trails from the setting sun down the silvery highway.

Then comes the silence of a perfect night—above, the mystic firmament with its shining hosts looking down; below, the same mysteries looking upward from the depths, while one, floating between these two infinities, feels himself the center of the starry spaces. Or, the moon rides aloft in pale glory, suffusing all the gloom with spectral light, while her image on the flood is broken into lances of light and gleaming arcs by every ripple. Still mystery. The woodlands of the circling shores, looming blackly against the dim horizon, hint of dark secrets in their heart, and if by chance the wild, demoniacal cry of the barred owl or the solemn hooting of his great horned cousin comes floating to the ear the uncanniness deepens.

Would you spend a summer's day in idle faring, cutting adrift for a few golden hours from the whole human world? Then launch forth alone upon the lake with canoe and paddle, and creep leisurely along the shores near enough the fringed strand to hear the murmuring dryads of the woods—down past the long stretches of wooded slopes where the vision pierces the leafy veil only to be baffled and lost in shadowy depths. Thence on in uncertain wanderings by many a little bay and many a water nook where your craft goes rustling through hosts of tall yielding rushes, and still on, skirting the broad marshes where dense growths of slender grasses, crowding to the water's edge, stop short in curving walls of green. In these places is *terra incognita*, not to be trodden by the foot of man. Here the marsh plants, matted together in rank luxuriance, weave over the bog a little hidden world of pigmy avenues and recesses where the whirring insects and marsh birds lurk, and above the tangled cushion the green feathery plumes and delicate fronds of ferns wave and bow to the passing breezes. Here the wild morning glory strews the greenery with its flakes of color, and gorgeous marshmallows glow large and red. But these are beyond the reach of any hand, so, having looked, pass onward to slow, winding creeks that, issuing from the flats, bear their watery tributes from other lakelets nestled yonder in the distance. Out of the wide flats—out of the heart of lonely wastes—the sluggish currents ooze. Here the yellow lilies hold aloft their cups of gold, the shepherd's crook and pickerel weed hang out their white and purple spikes, and the yellow dodder weaves its skeins of gold. In these depths the shy summer duck makes its home; sometimes the bittern, hidden from sight, startles the ear with his strange hiccoughy love call, or, again, that stately

hermit, the great blue heron, wings his majestic flight across the field of vision to light upon some bog-environed snag.

You can not intrude upon the heron's privacy nor that of the bittern, nor follow the wild duck's flight, so, having looked and listened, pass on in search of other discoveries. Here is a little winding cove almost hidden from the passing boatman—a sanctuary of nature so beautiful that it should be entered with reverence. From the thickets that hem in the place catbirds warble their fitful capriccios, and from the bosom of the marsh tiny warblers, feeble but sweet of note, trill their iterative hymns, while the red-winged blackbird, foraging among the cattails, sows his liquid music on the air. In their grassy arcades insects drone eerily; through the myriad swaying blades of green and the lance-like rushes the west wind whispers softly. Back of the little sounds lies a Sabbath stillness, and over all the summer sunshine rests in benediction.

Over the face of the cove, fairly covering it, spread the pads of that queen of water flowers, the white lily, one expanse of silvered green, and studding this are the great snowy lilies, each with its wealth of unfurled petals reaching upward into the sunshine, and with the sunshine caught and held in each golden heart. How peacefully they rest upon their lowly couches, seeming to speak of a perfect content! How the beauty of them bears in upon the spirit, so delicate, so pure, so exalted above the environment that gives them birth.

As there are "sermons in stones and books in running brooks," so here, if we but let the fancy run. Peeping down into spaces between the cleft and fluted pads, we look into a nether world that hints not of purity and beauty, but of tragic ugliness, where dense growths of aquatic plants contend for space to exist in, and the lily leaves, dragged down and drowned, as it seems, lie rotting, filling the water with impure motes, and death and decay mingle with life in its struggling, unlovely forms. Under all lie untold depths of foul slime, where the lilies strike their roots.

But up above, behold the lily, perfect and uncontaminated, every spotless petal, lifted clear of the impurities, reaching upward toward the sunshine, and with the sunshine in its heart!

Down there in dim grottoes fleeting forms of the pursuer and the pursued tell of the small monsters of the deep, and the ever-recurring, sharp, quick snap upon the lily pad from beneath reminds one of the universal ravening fang. Not a wandering insect alights upon an upturned edge of those broad resting places but risks a fate as terrible as ever befell the victim of dragon. Little wot they, one and all, of peace and beauty, for here rages in small that cruel conflict that puzzles the intellect and cleaves, scimeter-like, through our finest feelings, and feeds the heart with doubts.

But, then, behold the lily, beautiful and untroubled amid the game of life and death; and—wondrous alchemy!—drawing its being from the death and ooze of the nether world. And the heart, the heart of it! See those many tiny, delicate fingers of palest gold all trembling ecstatically as the caressing bee from fondling them comes forth laden with a wealth that leaves the lily no poorer. Breathe upon them ever



so lightly and see how they respond. Is it not meet that the flower that symbolizes virgin purity should have a quivering heart?

And this from the midst of slime, of death and decay, and of cruel conflict!

And now, as a fitting end to the day's quiet pleasures, turn homeward with gentle stroke in the calm of the late afternoon, while peaceful sounds lull the ear—the flute-like notes of distant doves, “Bob White’s” clear, bold call from the stubble field, the silvery tinkle of the wood thrush from the woodland depths, the rich, resonant note of the swamp blackbird foraging among the cattails.

How rich the day's harvest! How many that miss it!



SWAMP FLORA

## An Autumnal Dream

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It is the wine o' the year. Here in the ancient home of the Potawatomi, in the land of shining waters, each season has brought its offering—Spring, its revival of joyous life; June, its fulfilment of Spring's promises; mid-summer, its languorous warmth; September, its guerdon of fruitage, the fulfilment of the life forces that have wrought ceaselessly since the first breath of Spring. Now comes October, to crown all with a festival of the spirit, and for this high function nature has spared no pains. As a setting she has painted the landscapes far and wide. The woodlands that rim Lake James are done in reds and browns and yellows interwoven with fading greens, the broad flats of marshlands are changing to pale ecru, the far prospects harmonize with the color scheme.

But the pageantry of color is but one feature of the magic of October. The autumnal spirit, having its birth in latter September, is itself alone. It is in the air; it is indefinable. It is the season of delicious dreaming; it is the "wine o' the year."

The summer visitors that filled the air with their merry-makings and thrashed the waters with their motor boats are now all gone, and over the scene falls a silence befitting the sweet pensiveness of the season. Now is the time for the lover of the solitudes to come and share in the feast, feeding the eye on glories, the lungs on tonic air with its autumnal tang, the mind on reveries. If this spot was ever haunted by the ghosts of a departed race it is now. Discarnate spirits seem to lurk here elusively. In the broad marshes, in the still and solemn woods, over the face of the placid waters they brood; in the lapping waves, in the invisible winds, they manifest themselves by inarticulate whisperings; the purple-draped distance is peopled with them. Sometimes there comes a strange, rare day that accentuates all this. It is most apt to come in October, before the chill winds of later autumn begin to blow. It is worth waiting for. One such day I have recorded in my note book, and thus it reads:

"All day thin layers of clouds have veiled the sun, and now the lake, unrippled by any breeze, lying in brooding silence, guarded by the silent woods, is sleeping. The day declines. The mists of the upper heavens thicken, as they descend the vault, to impenetrable walls of pearly gray behind which the red and rayless sun sinks and is swallowed from sight. Up from the face of visible nature, wraith-like, slowly growing upon the sense, rises a faint, impalpable haze that still grows and deepens till the farther prospect melts into the pale horizon, and the nearer woodlands loom upon the vision, spectral and unreal. All the little world about, hung like a picture in the translucent air, silent as the ghost of things, is touched as by a magic wand to beauty ineffable. It is the brooding spirits of marsh and wood and water, and the spirits of ancient days come forth from their secret places. My lake dreams.

End.